An Injur'd Prince Vindicated,

OR,

A Scurrilous and Detracting Pamphlet answer'd.

By Mrs. *E. J.* in *Hartfordshire.*

WHat none, that dare in hand to take a Pen;
And vindicate the most abus'd of Men!
My once Dread Lord and Sovereign, Royal *James*,
So oft by Whigs reduc'd to hard Extreams.
First pluck the Beam from thy most Cursed Eye,
And meddle not with Principality:
The mote in his but small, yet big by vogue,
As Mountain *Alps*; cries ev'ry Rebel Rogue.
Valour and Conduct his Companions were,
Nor did he Foreign Enemies e'r fear.
But when Domesticks leaves their Lord forelorn,
And throws him to a Mob's Contempt and Scorn,
Who robb'd and stripp'd Him from his very Cloths,
As far from all Remorse, as some break Oaths.
Then finds an Injur'd Prince the greatest Woe,
That ever Rightful Monarch e'r can know.
A King he was, and from a King he came,
A Slaughter'd King, to Whigs Eternal Shame.
Nor can the Poison of their Lying Lips,
His Sacred Name and Harmless Life eclipse.
His Pious Memory will Fame out-live;
Justice and Truth his Character shall give.
Down Cursing *Shimei* and Rude *Rabshakey*,
With False *Ahitophel*, who would betray
So well as Him, ev'n his and Future all;
Where Whigs in Council sit, there Princes fall.
But O you Damned Rebels, who is't dare,
Assault one single and anointed Hair?
The Sacred Unction by Heaven's Vicar shed,
Preserves each Royal Consecrated Head.
Long strove ye Vipers, as ye once have done,
So well as Father, to destroy the Son.
Mistaken Monsters, Heaven did only try,
Whether a King could a Good Martyr die;
Else had He never come within your Claws;
Ye Breakers of Divine and Humane Laws.
Since such a Thing permitted was to be,
'Twas left to a Tribe compos'd of Infamy.
The Almighty their Great Wickedness fore-knew,
Had they the King of Heaven, the same they'd do:
Him if they could, they would re-crucifie;
And Impiously dethrone the Deity.
These are the Curs'd Destroying Fiends of Woe,
These are those Thorns, on whom no Grapes can grow;
These are those Choaking Thistles bears no Figgs;
These are *Cain*'s Cursed Seed, Furies and Whiggs.
These are the Murtherers of our Tranquil Rest,
These even are Those, we all ought to Detest.